

# Nina Simone, Turn! Turn! Turn!

Pete Seeger

To everything, turn, turn, turn  
There is a season, turn, turn, turn  
And a time for every purpose under heaven  
A time to be born, a time to die  
A time to plant, a time to reap  
A time to kill, a time to heal  
A time to laugh, a time to weep  
A time to build up, a time to break down  
A time to dance, a time to mourn  
A time to cast away stones  
A time to gather stones together  
A time of love, a time of hate  
A time of war, a time of peace  
A time you may embrace  
A time to refrain from embracing  
A time to gain, a time to lose  
A time to rend, a time to sew  
A time of love, a time of hate  
A time of peace, I swear it's not too late

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To every thing there is a season, and a time  
to every purpose under the heaven:  
A time to be born, and a time to die; a time  
to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is  
planted;  
A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to  
break down, and a time to build up;  
A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time  
to mourn, and a time to dance;  
A time to cast away stones, and a time to  
gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a  
time to refrain from embracing;  
A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to  
keep, and a time to cast away;  
A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to  
keep silence, and a time to speak;  
A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of  
war, and a time of peace.